

To the End: Toothless

by HuntressofHope

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Summary: Basically, Hiccup and Toothless in their last moments together, all from Toothless's POV. Not slash. Rated T for blood and character death. Minor HtTYD 2 spoilers. 1/3

1. Chapter 1

****Hi! So again, Huntress did not write this. For those of who who follow her stories, she is still in the hospital, and I still don't have any good news. I just needed to calm down one night after a shouting match with my parents, and decided to use my sister's method of relaxing, which is writing. And well, this is the product of it. ****

* * *

><p>Red on white.

There was blood, everywhere. I whirled, slashing this way and that, spraying the red live-giving substance on the snow. My wing throbbed viciously where the bone had snapped, the thin membrane shattered and ragged beyond repair. There's no saving from this wound. I am never going to fly again, even with that idiot human I call my friend.

Hiccup.

Where is he? I snarled at the large Viking in front of me, a blue ball of pure agony building up in my throat. It launched in front of me, slicing through the thick white blanket falling from the heavens and clearing a path before me. I shot through the ranks of enemy humans, ignoring the arrows sticking from my body and the swords slashing through my sides as I ran past them. My sole purpose right now was to find my friend, and help him defend our island.

_There. _

I see him now. He is surrounded by men larger than he is. I barrel into a Viking, sending him to the snow and making sure he will not get up again. I wipe more out with the end of my tail, swinging about the piece of metal Hiccup had put in my prosthetic for battle. Hiccup is holding his own with his flaming sword, but I know he is weakening more by the minute. I study him out of the corner of my eye, and then I see it.

_Red on brown. _

It's his head. There is blood, _too much_, covering his red-brown hair. I can smell the wound now, and I grow more frantic. It's old; he must have acquired it near the beginning of the battle. With all his movement, it must have had plenty of opportunity to bleed, and bleed it did. It smeared down his weathered face, matted in his hair, clumped around the gash on his forehead. I probably looked no better, with multiple arrows thrust into my scales and gaping gashes from swords covering what the arrows didn't reach.

Stay in there.

I cover his back as he focused on the large man in front of him. I can feel his weakness, I hear his exhaustion, and I know I need to stay strong for him. As long as he is fighting, I shall stay by him. That is what friends are for. That is what brothers are for. I have to fight with only one foreleg now, my back leg too weak to support much weight. That when I first realize, we may not get out of this one. But that's impossible, right? We have fought together, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, flames and swords, for years, and to fail now? My leg buckles.

I'm sorry.

"Toothless!" His scream tears at me. _No, Hiccup, I'm not important! You need to protect yourself!_ I try to lift myself up again, _I must, I need to fight, I need to protect, _ only for my body to fail me. I collapse back down with a moan. He is in front of me, his hands smoothing over my head, his mouth forming words. Why can't I hear him? Oh, the pain. It burns, hotter than fire, sharper than steel. But it's not from the enemy against us. No, it is coming from the knowledge inside. _I have failed. For the first time in forty years, I have failed him. _Forgive me, Hiccup.

Burning cold.

The snow under me seeps in through my wounds. I look up at the man hovering over my head, the gray streaks in his choppy, reddish hair, the splattering of a beard across his chin. My mind conjured the image of a young, shy, weak boy, standing over me with a triumphant air, knife ready to gut me and make his father proud. _Can this snow burn any colder?_

Precious life.

I recalled the beginnings of this friendship, this bond, the first feeling of his hand on my nose. The first time I felt his weight on my back, the freedom and trust of having a rider. _I'm so cold Hiccup. Don't move your hand. Please. _Protecting him from Hookfang. Being saved from the sinking ship. Diving after him in the dragon

fire. Him and Astrid. Dragons in Berk. Racing Nadder Who Flies in Storm. Drago. The alpha. Killing Stoick. _The rejection. _

_The end. _

I blink, and my vision focuses on him again. He has tears streaming down his face, swirling with the blood and ashes. _Don't cry, Hiccup. It will be alright. You have Astrid and your hatchlings, and Fishlegs, and Snotlout, and even the twins. You won't be alone. _He shook his head, as if he could hear me. "No Toothless. You can't leave bud." _Please don't make this harder. _I watched him; the wise green eyes, the weary, weathered face, the tears. He bowed his head, the wetness dripping on my nose. "I love you Toothless."

I love you too, Hiccup.

* * *

><p>So that's it! Depressing, i know, but I am in a very depressed state of mind right now. Thank you to everyone who has been supportive of me and my sister these past few weeks, namely Princess Shania, ACreativeHobbit, and all you other wonderful reviewers and followers. Thanks :)

~Allie Beth

2. Chapter 2

AN: Hey there, everyone. Once again, I am sorry to tell you that this is not Huntress, but Allie Beth. I am also sorry to say that I have brought you guys some bad news. As most of you know, Huntress has been in the hospital for quite a while now, and a few weeks ago she actually slipped into a coma. Well, on the morning of July 7, I woke up to find out that Huntress had left in her sleep. We held a beautiful service for her last Friday. I am pretty sure she is up in Heaven laughing her butt off at what a crybaby I'm being right now, but I do know for certain that she loved all of her faithful followers and reviewers, and we are so thankful for all the support you have given us these past few weeks. Thank you.

~Allie Beth

P.S. Just so you guys know, I am still going to use this account to write and post stories, but I may tweak the username to be HuntressofHope, or something similar. I just don't really want to use her username for multiple reasons. :-)

End
file.